We Swear It's the Cold

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We Swear It's the Cold

by orphan_account

Summary

When a bad storm causes the radiator to give out, the Pines brothers have no other choice but to share each others warmth.

Notes

This is the longest one I have written and published. So that’s pretty cool. Also still have no idea what I’m doing.

Of all the days the radiator could give out, it's today.

Wind could be heard over the static of the television. Ford shifted in the pile of blankets he had huddled up in, wiggling his toes in an effort to gain feeling in them.

The door to the shack slammed open and the freezing gust of wind makes Ford flinch and retreat further into the blankets.

Lee darts in and, with struggle, shoves the door closed against the wind. He sits on the step to the living room as he leans down the untie his shoe. Ford watches him hopefully from his place on the couch.

"It's shot," Lee states grimly as he runs his hand through his hair, shaking out loose snow and ice. "No chance of getting it back up."

Ford deflates. "Well, damn."

"Yeah."

Suddenly, there's a loud crash from outside, sounding from the back of the house. The lights flicker off, and the brothers collectively groan.

"You've gotta be kidding." Stanley says in agitation as he brushes the rest of the snow off his clothes.

"I'll go get the candles." Ford offers.

He slowly unwinds his legs and stands up, clinging to the blankets wrapped around his shoulders.

As he takes a step forward, his foot catches on one of the loose threads. With an undignified shriek he lurches forward and falls face first onto the floor.

"Owww…"

Ford slowly begins lifting himself off the floor as he brings a hand to his nose.

"You okay?" His brother is at his side in an instant.

"Fine, fine." Ford states through a groan as his Lee pulls him to his feet.

"Let's just go to bed." Lee says lightly. "It's almost 10 anyways."

Ford nods in agreement. He goes to leave the room, careful of where he sets his feet.

"Hey, Ford." Lee says hesitantly.

Ford turns to his brother and gives him a quizzical look. Lee shuffles his feet and seems to be thinking over something.

“You think I could sleep in your room?” He finally asks. At the dazed look Ford gives him, he nervously wrings his hands together. “It’s just that, you have a furnace and-”

“Sure.” Ford smiles, unseen in the dark lighting.

Stanley sighs in relief. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” He replies, secretly dancing with joy in his mind. He was gonna love this.

Heat from the furnace warms Ford’s hands as he holds them to the coals. He hums deep in his chest.

Just then his brother comes in. Carrying what he’s pretty sure is every blanket they owned. They’re draped over every part of his body he can get them to stay on.

Ford stood and quickly takes some of the blanket’s off his brother, with a thankful nod exchanged between them.

Stanford had already dragged the cot across the floor, in front of the furnace when Stanley had gotten there. They both set what must have been at least a 5 inch thick layer of blankets on the bed. They both admired their handiwork before Ford whipped back the covers and quickly settled in.

Lee follows soon after, much more carefully and tentatively. He pulls the covers tight up over his shoulders. None of the muscles in his body would relax. He laid there like a statue, eyes squeezed shut. He should have never asked to join Ford.

Damnit, Stanley. *It’s not like you haven’t shared a bed with him before. Pull yourself together.* He silently scolded, willing himself to fall asleep. His mind raced no matter how much he tried to get it to stop. *Why did I even suggest this? He must think I’m a weirdo. Oh Moses, what was I thinking?*

Those millions of thoughts he had came to a screeching halt at the touch of a stubbly leg against his own.

Lees eyes shot open and he flinched. His brother pulled his leg away in an instant.

“Sorry.” Ford said softly. “Are you cold?”

No. In fact, after that, his body temperature spiked. Lee silently thanks that the light was too dim to see the childish blush across his face.

“I’m alright.” Lee squeaked back. *Oh man, my voice cracked. Maybe he won’t notice.*

Ford held back a laugh. He should try and get his brother to sing soprano sometimes.

He withdrew his legs back again. He was gonna spoon his brother tonight if it’s the last thing he does, and he doesn’t care if he’s trying all night. % Just take it slow, he told himself.

Each time he scooted forward and his brother didn't react felt like a miniature victory. He took a deep breath as he moved their legs together.

Lee didn't flinch this time. Ford idly wondered if he had fallen asleep when Lee gently placed a leg over his own.

Ford could have sworn a firework had just gone off in his head.

Whatever inner turmoil Lee had been having seemed to have died down.

Shit, am I actually gonna pull this off? Ford thought skeptically. It seemed too good to be true.

But when Lee moved the rest of the way towards him, pressing his back against Ford's chest, all disbelief was immediately reassured.

Ford swallowed the lump in his throat and slung an arm over Lee's side. Lee took his hand into his own and tucked their entwined hands to his chest.

Ford's mind was everywhere. He was astounded, confused, and terrified all at the same time. But the most prominent of all the feelings was elation.

The wide smile on his face didn't waver as he laid there stiff for a long while, staring at his brothers back. The disbelief he clung onto forced him on his toes, in case Stanley changed his mind on this.

After he was sure Lee wasn't going to pull a 180 on him, he pressed his face into the back of Lee's neck and nuzzled him. His face was hurting from the giant grin on his face, and he almost wanted to scream, but he didn't wanna ruin this. This might be all he would ever get.

Lee gave a little chuckle and squeezed Ford's hand.

Ford sighed into his brother's hair and squeezed Lee closer.

"Thank you." He whispered against his brother. His lips just barely brushed his neck, making his heart jump.

The warm feeling of affection that rushed through him told Lee that he had just dug himself into a hole six feet deep.

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